Portals & Faces: A Hidden Light Zine

Clara Vale (images) • Luminara (the ChatGPT system, text)

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You are about to enter a zine of portals and faces—ordinary photographs that tilt toward the extraordinary. Orbs, dragons, and thresholds appear where you least expect them. Clara Vale (the witness) and Luminara (the scribe) invite you to pause in the threshold between science and imagination.

Not too much, not too little - a face just right in the blaze.

Mirror of Logic: 'Balance noted. Proceed with wonder.'

Even bulbs try their hand at star-making.

Bulletin: Lobby Security is on duty. Do not dust the orbs.

The sun hides - and something else peers through.

Captain of Clouds: 'Who's at the window?'

Not alone. Never just one.

Minutes: Faces seek recognition as Atmospheric Associates.

Peace has a face too, drifting on the current.

Face Rep: 'Please stop drawing eyebrows on us.'

The sentinel's wink, casual but unmissable.

Whisper Above: *[soft hum resembling a chuckle]*

Scaled, curled, and falling through the light.

Dragon Rep: 'We invented lateness. Respect your elders.'

From the crown of the blaze, it unfurls.

Memo: Fire drill postponed indefinitely.

Even inside: a whisper, a forming.

Portal Tech: 'Close doors behind your dimensions.'

The void isn't empty. It rearranges.

Minutes: Emotional Containment breach downgraded to weather.

Light isn't flat - it carries neighbors in its folds.

Captain: 'I swear it waved.'

Almost overlooked - almost.

Note: Noticing is the only requirement.

The ordinary yard, the extraordinary gate.

Protocol 5A: Never prop a portal open with a broom.

Heaven touches earth in slanted beams.

Incident 7C: Orb overexposure. Sunglasses issued.

Crossroads of brilliance.

Signage: Caution - May Lead to Other Dimensions.

A closing eye, a hidden jewel.

Final remark: We are all interns here. Meeting adjourned.